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"A Few Ill-Tempered Partisans."

Secretary McAnoo, who has not yet made any explanation of the apparently malicious obstacles thrown in the way of the new subway by the United States Government as represented by him, promises to make clear within a few days his reasons for the attitude of obstruction he has assumed. So much has been gained by the unanimous condemnation that has been occasioned by his mysterious conduct. But Mr. McAnoo is badly informed when he says that he has been subjected to criticism "by a few ill-tempered partisans in New York city."

There is and has been nothing partisan in the temper of the citizens of New York in their treatment of Secretary McAnoo. They have undertaken a gigantic public enterprise for the good of the community and are prepared to tax themselves roundly, if need be, to carry it to success. They find that enterprise blocked and an effort made to increase their burden by the United States Government, which in the absence of the explanation now in process of preparation seems to have sunk to the level of a sharp real estate manipulator or decided maliciously to play the part of a dog in the manger. They have not inquired whether the influence at work to produce so surprising a result is political, financial or personal. They are undergoing an embarrassing holdup, and they are irritated over that surprising experience, regardless of their views on the tariff, the associations of scholarship with religions, the anti-trust bills, or the River of Doubt.

Pending the appearance of Secretary McAnoo's formal statement, that gentleman shows deep solicitude about the relations of this city with the Interborough company. There cannot be in this a hint as to the real animus behind the unsympathetic attitude of the United States Government!

The Torpedo vs. the Big Gun.

When Admiral Sir Percy Scott of the British navy declares over his own signature that the Admiralty is wasting money in building dreadnoughts because submarines and submersibles have rendered battleships obsolete, it will not do to answer him by saying that he is a wild theorist who does not weigh his words. As a matter of fact, Sir Percy Scott is the most practical and hard-headed of naval officers, perhaps also the greatest living authority upon handling guns of the largest calibre; he is, besides, the inventor of a system of night signalling now used in the British navy. His greatest distinction is that of a battleship tactician, and when he retired from active service a few months ago no officer in the navy was accounted more competent and valuable than Sir Percy Scott. If he has spoken out now in terms that may not be relished by the Government, it must be from a sense of duty.

When Sir Percy Scott urges the Admiralty to construct a great fleet of submarines and to build no warships but fast cruisers he must have in mind the rapid improvements recently made in torpedoes, the most powerful of which now have a range of 7,500 yards. The Germans have a 21.6 inch torpedo that in the judgment of the experts could put a 27,000-ton dreadnought out of commission no matter what part of the hull was hit. A good deal of time is devoted by the Germans to night torpedo maneuvers with masked lights in handling these boats with the utmost security. In an article upon the maneuvers the *Naval and Military Record* said recently that "a flotilla working at night moves with an assured precision that is nothing short of marvellous." The German specialists believe that three flotillas of thirty-three boats would sink a battleship squadron of eight ships without much

difficulty. They express the opinion that the torpedo will decide the next great naval war.

Great Britain is not neglecting torpedo practice. She is building more submarines and submersibles than Germany, carefully concealing improvements. It may be doubted, however, whether the rank and file of the British torpedo boat personnel is as well trained and capable as the German. In the opinions he expresses about the use of destroyers and submarines in modern warfare and the decline in fighting value of the all big gun warships Sir Percy Scott is probably giving utterance to ideas that are becoming prevalent in the British navy among progressive officers.

What It Is to Be Loved.

A conciliator of what are called by courtesy but most incorrectly "Progressive leaders" has been elected to the State and under the sea a tender and passionate cry for help. There is and can be but one Progressive leader. Without him, unless he is a candidate, the Progressives can't progress. Though it builds majestic platforms, collects and emits beautiful principles by the yard, although the rich devotees give checks with full hands, there is no body, however or soul to the party. There is nothing in it except the Colonel. It is his shadow and reflection. The feeling of the adorners is something between love and religious fanaticism. It is personal. It lives on personality, not on dogmas.

If the Colonel could be subdivided, cut up into little R's, to speak Juliettically, all would be well with his flock. As things are, he must shepherd every where. Every State howls for him. Any Progressive campaign without him is sleepwalking. He is the whole show and no superlatives need apply.

The tearful pleading of the New York faithful is at once a confession of weakness and a mark of indisciplinability that they wouldn't have dared to make were not the all feared and all loved Peefawfum far, far away. When he wants a nomination he will give the orders. Meanwhile these sheep are making themselves more than a little ridiculous. Their faith is sublime, but their implied confession of absolute political impotency must be annoying to their boss. Poor little babes! Hardly has he tucked them up and told them to be good than they boo-hoo and bellow for him.

The Colonel can't very well remind them that the plover that goes off to the well and so on. If he did they wouldn't believe him. But he now has the opportunity to moralize to himself upon the discomfort of being an idol and a totem pole. Why doesn't he get some of his numerous sociological friends to found a School for the Political Education of the Progressives?

Nature and Man.

The Hon. WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, Secretary of Commerce, travelling "prosperity talker" and assistant professor of Psychological Conditions, bids the Tarheelers look upon this picture and be glad:

"From far off California and from Florida; from the fields of Oklahoma and Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska, comes the glad cry of a harvest all but ripe for the sickle. There was no mourning in the orange groves of California when I saw them in March, and Florida utters no cry of distress in sending 23,000 carloads of her fruit to market."

What a bitter and true revelling of the Department of Psychology at Washington, what a cruel if unconscious stab at the Professor! No pragmatic meddling marais, no marabouts of the new freedom, no Malvolos and Dogberries of regulation and suppression, have been able to tamper with the bowels and fruits of the earth. There is one fountain of wealth that all these turban hands have not stopped up. There is no Interstate Weather Commission. The farmers are a beloved and favored class which the Administration and Congress—the phrase is tautological—won't hurt if they can help it; against which the statute book doesn't bristle and snarl.

The crops have been safe. Doubtless an ecstatic and illuminant Wilsonian like JOSEPHUS STETSON won't admit it, but it has to be confessed generally that the crops are beyond the jurisdiction of Mr. Wilson and even of Colonel upper House.

In the only prosperity visible the Democrats have had no hand. Bustness, subject to legislation and regulation, has wilted or still trembles under the blighting official touch. The prosperity is of God. The adversity comes mainly from Democratic stupidity, fanaticism and "idealism."

The Militant Climax.

Nothing the suffragettes had previously done was so much calculated to estrange public sympathy from them as the outbreak at the court levee on Thursday night. The English hatred of a "scene" is proverbial. But a scene in the presence of the King, a scene in the midst of a decorous social function, a scene wantonly created—here we have the unpardonable, the unforgettable, the act unutterable. In the eyes of average Englishmen it will appear more outrageous than the burning of Bredsdill Church at Derby with its chained Bible, although the latter crime may seem to Americans the last word in wilful malice.

It is perfectly plain that militancy has passed all bounds of toleration or leniency in the last few weeks. The "cat and mouse" act instead of operating as a check has directly encouraged it. This was foreseen by people who took a common sense view; but the Ministry, which seems to have a constitutional aversion to strong action, hoped against hope. Now the situation has reached such a pitch that there is danger of the indignant public's taking the matter out of the hands of the authorities and dealing with it direct. In other words England having incurred the disgrace of appearing helpless in

the face of organized crime is in danger of the still greater disgrace of seeing lynch law invoked to restore peace and order.

It cannot be disputed that the Government has a task of magnitude and difficulty on its hands. This is the result of its own weakness. Militancy, at the outset, could have been crushed with a little timely severity. Now it has such headway that probably extreme severity widely exercised will be necessary. Numbers of hysterical women are possessed with a frenzied desire of martyrdom, and their desire may have to be gratified pretty freely to check the rising impulses of hundreds of others.

England owes it to herself to deal with the evil by legal process before the people lose their heads and take to mob law. The often promised and never realized campaign of repression as broad as the disease should be begun. Penal servitude with long terms with total abolition of the "cat and mouse" nonsense should be meted out in large doses to the active rioters and smashers. But the work should go further. A searching prosecution of all who give moral aid or financial support, together with the breaking of up of juntas, the stoppage of seditious meetings and the seizure of money and papers wherever found, should be pursued in order to cut the ground from under the movement. The people in the background who supply the sinews of war are the worst criminals of all.

The suffrage question is in no way involved in this matter. It is merely a question whether civilization is able to protect itself against the inroads of modern barbarians.

A Hot Time Ahead in Pennsylvania.

Whatever the range of temperature may be in Pennsylvania this summer, the political atmosphere will be torrid and sultry, with frequent electrical disturbances. The people are to choose a United States Senator for the first time, and as Colonel Roosevelt will be on the firing line to help his friend Mr. GIFFORD PINCHOT there can be no truce with the regular Republicans in general or with the Hon. BOIS PENROSE in particular.

The Washington party (Progressive Republicans), whose candidate Mr. PINCHOT is, adopted a platform in its convention at Harrisburg on Thursday in which it was declared that "the paramount issue in Pennsylvania to-day is PENROSE and Penroseism." Although there was a long list of other issues, quite a catalogue in fact, the campaign is to be made on the paramount issue. The contest will be dual and not triangular, according to Mr. PINCHOT. "This is our year," he said at the convention; "this is the year when PENROSE goes down to defeat. PENROSE is a moral issue and that is enough."

The Democratic organization will count but little in this campaign. Yet in Representative A. MITCHELL PALMER the Democrats have a respectable and enterprising candidate, who will have the backing of President Wilson, and regardless of that fact, cannot be considered out of the running if the Progressives are half as strong in Pennsylvania as Mr. PINCHOT believes they are. This is that gentleman's logic of victory:

"We carried Pennsylvania for the Colonel in 1912. In 1914 he will help to carry it for us. We are stronger now than we were then."

If the Progressive party in the State is stronger than it was when 447,423 votes were polled for the Colonel, all is over but the shouting. But in other States where elections have been held since 1912 the Progressive party has proved considerably weaker than it was two years ago. Is Pennsylvania to be the great exception because Colonel Roosevelt will make some speeches, not for himself, but for GIFFORD PINCHOT, who, unlike Mr. PALMER and Mr. PENROSE, is not a Pennsylvanian? By the way, it is a curious fact that the Hon. A. MITCHELL PALMER was born at Moonshoe.

About the result it would be foolhardy to hazard a prediction. Undoubtedly Colonel Roosevelt will make more votes for Mr. PINCHOT than he can attract by his own personal efforts, which are not always characterized by temperance of expression. If Mr. PINCHOT is confident of election, so is Senator PENROSE, who, nothing loath, embraces the opportunity to be the paramount issue as candidate of the Republican voters by a large majority in the primary. Mr. PALMER's hope of course lies in the breach of the old party. The fight will be triangular.

The Respectable Woman in the Hands of the Police.

A young woman of respectable standing in the community was arrested on an absurdly trivial charge a few nights ago on Riverside Drive. There was apparently no real necessity for molesting her in any way. But the policeman in the case had impulses of perfection and could not brook the friskiness of her small dog. In his mind the case was one for condign punishment, so he gripped her by the arm and made her a prisoner.

Condensed into a few words, this was her account of her experiences, and no doubt it is substantially accurate:

"I not only was cruelly treated, but I was taken to the police station and then put in a patrol wagon with a negro. At Jefferson Market I was put in a prison pen with drunken women and was compelled to listen to their foul language. I asked for a drink of water, but my request was denied."

This is one of those incidents which make the judicious lament. Heaven knows on what ground the arrest can be justified. The plea for the subsequent treatment of the victim will be that the law is even handed and shows favor to none. Of course this defence is balderdash of the worst kind. To shut any young woman of clean life in a pen with drunken and foul mouthed slatterns is an unspeakable outrage. This would be true if she had com-

mitted a serious instead of a comic opera offence. It is not the even hand of the law but the official stupidity which devised the system and the official brutality which fails to correct it in practice that figured in the entire proceedings.

The affair is a disgrace to the city. If there is no existing way by which a supercilious policeman can be made to serve a summons instead of indicting the humiliation of an arrest in small change cases of technical violations of foolish ordinances, a way should be speedily found. As for the jamming of respectable people into disgusting court pens, Miss KATHARINE BEMENT DAVIS, our reforming Commissioner of Correction, has the opportunity of a lifetime for an improvement that can be made with a word and that will win universal indorsement.

There is a great deal of talk these days about organizing our police for social service. Before taking up a new fad it will be well to extricate such utterly anti-social blunders as we find in this case.

SARAH BEHN HART is going to play another Shakespearean character in her next farewell tour. She will be seen as *Shylock*. For this relief, much thanks. It might have been Juliet.

Instead of financial starvation, Canada seems inclined to subject her railroads to forcible feeding. Premier BOMEN has introduced in Parliament at Ottawa a bill to guarantee \$16,000,000 of bonds for new construction in development of the Grand Trunk Pacific. But the doctrine of the "new freedom" have not yet made any great headway across the border. Over there they are still content to grow in an unscientific way.

If the Prince of Wales should call it an abdication and quit, he will leave as surely a distasteful trouble behind him in Albania as Europe has had to digest since the great joint coup of Austria in Bosnia and King FERDINAND in Bulgaria. The famous Balkan war cloud will have to be dragged out of the property room and touched up for immediate use.

The offer of \$500 with permission to keep the stolen jewels for the return of a film bearing a young woman's picture suggests that the new star will soon flash in the theatrical sky.

Two British navy aviators were killed on June 4, and yesterday two French army aviators lost their lives. The death rate among military airmen seems to be on the increase in spite of inventions designed to make the aeroplane stable. The army and navy aviators are always on perilous active service, and this fact should be taken into account in fixing their pay.

I pray God the boys there [Vera Cruz] will not have to fight any more—President Wilson.

Not even in a war of service to Mexico, let us hope.

On General CARRANZA's cabinet slate the name of FRANCISCO VILLA does not appear, not even as Secretary of War. But no one has been selected for the portfolio of Agriculture. As General VILLA has been confiscating the big estates in Chihuahua and dividing them among his poor friends, perhaps he is to be Minister of Agriculture.

The sail stretching spin of Shamrock IV, on the Solent leaves no room for doubt that NICHOLSON has produced a racer as well as a freak. Her speed cannot be judged until the sail maker has finished his work and the boat has been tested over and over again with Shamrock III. The question will remain to be answered whether Sir THOMAS LITTON's ingenious racing machine can cross the Atlantic without straining her hull and injuring her chances in the international races.

ST. JOHN'S IN VARICK STREET.

A Word in Support of the Attitude of Trinity Church.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: May it be suggested that neither Trinity Church nor Trinity Corporation has any duty to perform in the matter of preserving buildings as museum pieces? May it be suggested that the directors of the religious organization are the final judges as to the propriety of maintaining an edifice for purposes of worship, and the officers of the governing body of the corporation occupy a similar position with relation to the administration of its financial affairs?

As to St. John's Chapel, in Varick street, it is a relic of the religious history of Trinity's religious usefulness was long ago impaired to an extent justifying its abandonment; its historical associations are of no account; and a speed of its architectural monument it is entitled to very little consideration. Its demolition would not rob New York of a notable feature, deprive students of an opportunity to study the history of beauty to a barren life. If the time has come for it to go, there is no cause for tears beyond the immediate neighborhood of its site, where disinterested communicants and others to whom habit and association have made it dear.

One of the high privileges and stern duties of the religious organization is to oppose, condemn and chastise Trinity Corporation and the institution whose estate it manages. For a good proportion of the ill feeling that has been engendered against it Trinity is itself responsible. But in the St. John's dispute church and corporation have all the common sense on their side, and the Trinity Corporation is not a peculiarly unjust and nonsensical. CHURCHMAN.

New York, June 5.

Does the Theodore Empty into the Salt?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: By all means let Theodore Roosevelt run for Governor of New York on the Progressive ticket! The result will be very interesting, inasmuch as it will show just how badly the Progressive party is disintegrated. Incidentally the election will quite probably be the "saw song" of that party's brief though not wholly uninteresting career in New York. Theodore Roosevelt, among Republicans and ex-Progressives when the last and rites are performed over what was once a "nice" though constitutionally rather delicate, little party.

NEWARK, N. J., June 5.

The Professor and the Pinch of Poverty.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I am a business man, owning a small manufacturing plant, and yet when a standstill. I have been obliged to "lay off" my workman and I am told that it is not real, it is "psychological." I don't know what that means, as I never set foot in a college, but I hope to learn. But after a year of "watchful waiting" the "pinch of poverty" seems awful real to me. Can our great philosopher and his first adviser help when we can expect an end of this "psychological" condition? A. L. FORMAN.

New York, June 5.

THE BAR ASSOCIATION AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Comments, Partly Unjust, on the Census of Lawyers in America.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In searching for the causes of the reckless and ignorant legislation which has been enacted upon the statute books or is now being considered by Congress the makeup of that body should not be overlooked. The Senate is composed of ninety-six members. Seventy-eight of these are lawyers, nine business men, six farmers, one teacher, one journalist and one doctor. The Vice-President is also a lawyer, making seventy-nine out of a total of ninety-seven.

The House of Representatives has a membership of 435. Of these 233 are lawyers, sixty-four are in business, twenty-four are journalists, ten farmers, four laborers, eight teachers, six doctors and one architect. Thirty do not give their occupation, but if the same proportion of lawyers exists among them as with the others there are eighteen. Add them and the Speaker and we have 302 lawyers out of a total membership of 435, twelve more than two-thirds.

The two Houses together number 631, of whom 381, or nearly three-quarters, are lawyers.

Not only are they lawyers, but they are, a vast majority of them, country lawyers, not well versed in business and the laws of trade or knowledge of historical commercial evolution.

This is a business country and the only way to secure intelligent consideration for its vast interests is to send a good many of the attorneys who have been doing such harm back to their county courts and elect a business Congress. Not one in fifty of these lawyers can earn anything like the salary at home, and they constantly manifest their readiness to make any sacrifice, even to wearing Gompers's collars, in order to stay here.

After all, the country ought not to complain. If it continues to send the sort of men to Congress who tumble over each other in their eager haste to abuse themselves, it is a disgrace to the country. The worst legislation it gets will be better than it deserves. But let it be time that business men made up their minds that the time has come, no matter at what cost, for them to get into the game? OLD HAND.

WASHINGTON, June 4.

ROUSE YE SLAVES!

Contest, Free Negro, Begin Another Trojan War.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I see that an Anti-Collar League has been launched in Paris to wage a crusade against "the silly habit of locking up the Adam's apple in a prison of starch." Most excellent idea! The mass-union collar is certainly not hygienic, neither is it a source of beauty. As regards the chief industry of Troy, it should be abolished. As a physical trainer I know by experience that a linen collar deprives the neck muscles of perhaps 50 per cent. Imagine a boxer, oarsman, runner or other athlete wearing a collar while engaged in the practice of his sport!

And while we are discarding our collars, which are especially undesirable in the summer, why not at the same time throw off our coats? To be forced to wear them in the hottest season is nothing short of tyranny, and by converted effort masculine humanity could cast aside this burden. Haughty ticket takers at theatres and head waiters at restaurants could soon be taught not to look with scorn upon a man sensible enough to put aside unnecessary clothing.

Feigning and comfort go hand in hand, and both collar and coat are uncomfortable in summer and therefore not healthful. The best argument the Parisian defenders of the collar have been able to put forth is that its degree of cleanliness is an index to character. "Tell me whether your collar is clean and I will tell you who you are," says one writer, with much humor. Any man who can keep his collar clean and unwilted on a hot summer day is either an idler or a "duke," and probably both.

And as for the collar and coat, the swiftest collyer? Ye slaves to custom, arise!

MAC LEVY.

BABYLON, June 5.

NO GUARD MANOEUVRES.

The Adjutant-General, and Not the Legislature, Said to Be Responsible.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It is unfortunate that the Legislature of 1912 failed to make an appropriation for the summer and fall manoeuvres for the National Guard. The fault must be at the door of the Adjutant-General in failing to impress upon the Legislature the importance of field manoeuvres for the National Guard. The Legislature have been more than liberal in appropriating money for the use and vacation of the National Guard when the subject matter was properly presented to it. It is more serious at the present time that this appropriation was not made in view of the fact that the National Guard of this State may be called into service in the Mexican territory.

The enlisted men and officers of the Guard look to the manoeuvres as an appreciation by the State of their voluntary services. New York is the only State in the Union that has a complete division in the militia reserve of the United States, due to the fact of the liberal appropriations by past Legislatures.

ALBANY, June 4. LOUIS A. CUVILLIER.

Subject for a Great Historical Painter.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The dramatic setting was superb. On the one a physical contemner of philosophy posed, with a glance of defiant intelligence through cold glass. Here was a remarkable human monument to mental industry, its surface polished by the many wheels of a complete division; here was the thirty-third degree of university perfection.

On the other side a delegation of nervous men, only broad winners, representing over 35,000 separate business and human industry. Think of the ramifications of that proposition, think of each one of the wheels of its supporting units, the home.

The petition of these nervous men for relief from a fancied condition was, of course, impertinent; the answer of the great father, "merely psychological," is already a classic.

There is one parallel in history when the great old King Canute had words with the disobedient sea.

"Take heart, nervous men, your petition has been indirectly, if unconsciously, granted. 'Merely psychological' will crystallize and electrify the burning issue. 'Business for business' is the slogan."

JAMES A. RANCIFFER.

NEW YORK, June 5.

Domination.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: How naughtily when a great man dominates the policies of a big railroad, and yet when a great psychological expert dominates the policies of a big country how noble! I can see some folk demanding a physiological investigation as to whether Melville's Food agrees with a constitution. JAMES BELL.

TORRINGTON, Conn., June 4.

A Student of Mere Psychology.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Could you tell me how to acquire the vision habit? My income has fallen \$600 a year since the first of the year and naturally I feel that I could get the proper "hunch" on the "vision" problem. Would you help me to cheer up?

W. C.

THE UNDIMINISHED COLONEL.

A Follower and Admirer of His Marks Back to Chicago.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The outpourings of certain old Republicans which you have recently printed remind me of the I too am an old Republican, the son of a Fremont, which I voted for Roosevelt in 1912 the fact is I voted for the choice lately expressed of the large majority of the Republican voters of the country, the result of the election day, with 50 per cent of his constituency left behind in the old Republican machine, made a respectable second.

Roosevelt was then and is now the representative of the large majority of the individuals composing the opposition to the Democracy, and his opponents are always have been a comparatively small faction, favored by the circumstances of having possessed themselves of the machinery of the old Republican party and by the cooperation of the press.

It was this minority faction which steam-rolled Roosevelt in Chicago in 1912, and right there lies the feature of that episode which distinguishes it from all similar operations in the past. A lot of people will tell you that what the convention did to Roosevelt was a mistake, the practice time out of mind, with this difference, that whereas former unlucky candidates had taken their medicine Roosevelt took his at the hands of his own constituents. The only trouble with the argument is that it doesn't fit the record.

It is a matter of record that Roosevelt won out at the primaries in May and went to Chicago with the vote of the overwhelming majority of the Republican voters who then constituted the whole of the opposition to the Democracy. Thereupon the minority faction threw out its delegates, checked the count, and nominated the loser at the primary election. Then they say this has always been done.

If they are right the fact itself ought to be sufficient to terminate public existence. But it never was done before, and I venture to predict never will be done again. True, misrepresentation from rotten boroughs in the South had always been the rule, but the South had long list of honorable achievements to the good on the day they got it out to fatten Teddy. But never before in the history of any political party of this country had a defeated minority minority chloroformed an existing and definitely known majority sufficient to nominate.

The fruits of that day's work are, briefly, 1. A free country without Democrats and the Federal Government in the possession of the Bryan Democracy, which has made it the tool of a class at home and a laughing stock abroad. And one of your correspondents notices that the Teddyphobes are ready to do it again if Roosevelt doesn't efface himself, and doubtless will ask with a solemn countenance if you don't think Roosevelt would efface himself from patriotic impulses if he had any.

Unfortunately we are not all paranoiacs. The day when majorities efface themselves in a free country without recourse to exact that demonstration of T. R.'s patriotism.

Meanwhile, what we have on our hands actually is an undiminished Colonel, with all the natural consequences thereof, and this we will continue to have until the day dawns, if it ever does, when he is fairly and squarely rejected American fashion by a majority of the voters without masquerading in the trappings of party.

HOWARD M. CANOVAN.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., June 5.

CRIES OF NEW YORK.

Mysterious Mechanical Creaks of Cynical Itinerants.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Man's place in nature has in late years been precisely defined in all aspects except the relation of fruit to the distribution of the universe. It does not require close observation to determine them to be of cynical and satirical temperament or they would not cry their own without discrimination as they pass parks, churches, charitable institutions or other places where they are certain to receive no patronage. The cynic's cry is a constant and deliberate offering in language unknown to the rest of the human family betokened rather of their merchandise and desire to banish it from their minds by speedy disposal.

Apparently their own cynicism rendered them deaf in the left ear, and fearing the same result to the right they press the palm of the hand over the member and howl in unconfined dependency.

The other day I met one of these gentlemen who proclaimed his desire to sell "garb" and "hygiene" with no acquaintance with the articles, and my curiosity being awakened, I apologized for the interruption, and asked him for a confidential communication as to the character of his product. He then fully exhibited some potatoes and pineapples.

"G'wan; couldn't yer hear me?" "Gid-dup! What a back!" The remarks were addressed to a gloomy object that was once a horse, and being somewhat contradictory in terms, the ghost of the past concluded to take no action. All he did was to stand there, without a word or a doze as they stand, at all times wearing a bitter expression, or one indicative of movement only through personal friendship.

Then among other itinerants we have alleged "tinware to mend" and "cutlery to sharpen" men, whose tools betray them although they strive to escape notice by intelligible utterance and a speed of walk that the fastest housewives of the universe cannot overtake; hence another item of high cost of living through cast iron wheels of the cynic's machinery that one can be caught to repair.

WALKER.

NEW YORK, June 5.

And There Is No Peace.